Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXII. WELLESLEY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914. NO. 17.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Friday, February 13, Geology Lecture Room, 8.00 P.M., illustrated lecture on "Amsterdam in the Times of Rubens and Rembrandt," by Dr. Hendrick Willem van Loon.

Sunday, February 15, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M., preacher, Rev. Ferdinand Q. Blanchard of East Orange, N. J.
7.00 P.M., Vespers. Address by Dr. William W. Guth, President of Goucher College for Women, Baltimore, Md.

Monday, February 16, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M., First Elocution Recital. Mr. Leland T. Powers will read Galsworthy's "The Pigeon."

Wednesday, February 18, 4.20 P.M. Philosophy Lecture by Professor Royce of Harvard, on "Community Spirit." Place to be announced.
7.30 P.M., College Hall Chapel. Union meeting of the Christian Association. Reception of new members. Address by Miss Douglas

SENIOR PROMENADE.

The Boston papers are headlining our "Annual Senior Prom" and we can smile with assurance, for now that we have had our second successfully, it does have an annual sound. It took place on Friday evening last in Mary Hemenway Hall, whither some two hundred couples found their way. The large gymnasium room was softly lighted, and its walls covered with thick evergreen branches. At the far end stood the receiving line, consisting of Miss Pendleton, Miss Homans, Miss Shackford, Miss Davis, Edith Ryder, Emily Walker and Blanche Davis.

During the first part of the evening there were four extras danced before the arrival of the girls taking part in the Glee Club. These were followed by twenty regular numbers, with an intermission for refreshments.

The storm outside was successfully forgotten as "our gym" became a merry ball room. The prettiest picture of the evening was seen when one paused on the landing for a moment to look down at the dancers. The delicate tints of the girls' dresses gave the scene an artistic finish. But our prom would have been most incomplete without the special maids, who had suddenly transformed themselves from college Seniors into French adepts. One needed only to say, "May I have my coat, Suzette?" and "a flash of time" produced it.

The end of our account, like a closing toast, must extend thanks to the efficient committee. It was composed of Emily Walker, Chairman, Henriette Bachman, Harriet Blake, Ruth MacLure, Frances Robinson, and Zada Walker. They in turn, assure us that much would have been impossible without the thoughtful assistance of Miss Homans.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

February 6 and 7, 1914—the nights of the Glee Club Concert! Out of doors, swift flurries of snow; within, charming evening gowns and full-dress suits, all arrayed to hear the best Glee Club Concert Wellesley has ever listened to—the best because of the quick enthusiasm of the audience, the verve and technique of the Club, and the carrying personality of the leader, Miss Brown. Even the men, used to masculine volume and masculine "pep," sat forward a-listening, grinned broadly, and clapped the fingers out of white kid gloves.

Glee Club and Mandolin Club came in for equal shares of applause, and justly. Both were exceptionally well-trained; technique was theirs, usually, and range; we passed in quick motion from popular medleys to Handel's "Largo," from topical songs to "Alma Mater."

There was no end of "feature" acts, all excellently done and all characteristic of our College. Among those that "got over the footlights" with especial effectiveness, we might class the artistic Hawaiian songs, sung by Miss Brown, Miss Mulford, Miss McManus, and Miss Newhouse. Miss Traver "made" the "Popular Medley" by her exquisite whistling solo; the Mandolin Club trio, "Aubade Printaniere," was another star act. Miss Stone, leader of the Mandolin Club, played, with Miss Folger and Miss Culver. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

I. a. 'Neath the Oaks
b. Chit-Chat — Old English Song
Arranged by Alfred Moffat.
Glee Club.

II. The Moose (March) — P. Hans Hath
Arranged by Walter Jacobs
Mandolin Club

III. The Spinning Chorus — Richard Wagner
From "The Flying Dutchman"
Glee Club

IV. Potpouri Italiana, Arranged by G. L. Lansing
Mandolin Club

V. Hawaiian Songs — From Aloha Collection
Quartet—Glee Club

VI. Popular Medley — Arranged by G. L. Lansing
Mandolin Club

PART II.

I. Largo — G. F. Handel
Arranged by H. F. Odell
Mandolin Club

II. Strauss Wake-Song — Johann Strauss
Arranged by Victor Harris
Glee Club

III. Aubade Printaniere — P. Lacombe
Arranged by R. E. Hildreth
Trio—Mandolin Club

IV. Topical Song
Glee Club

V. Ronde d'Amour — N. Van Westerhout
Arranged by H. F. Odell
Mandolin Club

VI. a. Bridal Chorus — F. H. Cowen
From "The Rose Maiden."
Arranged by G. L. Lansing
b. Alma Mater
Glee and Mandolin Clubs

Retrospecting, we grow enthusiastic over the Strauss "Waltz-Song," over Miss Limont's accompaniment, over every number on our programme, in short; but there are few lines left, and never a word has been said about the Topical Song! That was the number that dug you hardest and most cleverly in the ribs, that made you turn and smile in camaraderie at the person next you. To print it is better than any running commentary on it could be; we like our topical songs straight!

(Topical Song on Page 4.)

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION "FELLOW."

While I was in college I regret to state that my knowledge of the connection of the Wellesley College Settlements Association with the outside world was dim and hazy, very dim and hazy indeed. I thought in an uncertain sort of way that our Association helped support a settlement or something in Boston or somewhere, but that is as much as I thought I knew. I blush to acknowledge it, and this dark secret would probably never have been disclosed to you, were it not that Miss Gordon, the head worker here at Denison House, asked me to send into the NEWS several letters about what I am doing this year; for my shocking ignorance has led her to think that perhaps in Wellesley there may be others as ignorant as I of the duties of a "Fellow," or indeed perhaps ignorant of the possible existence of a "Fellow." (I am a Fellow.)

Question: Granted the existence of a Fellow, why need a Fellow exist? The reply is simply the need of training. A Fellow is a Fellow because settlements need trained workers, and a year is devoted to this training.

Question: How does the Fellow happen to be appointed? Seniors from six women's colleges, among which are Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, may apply for the Fellowship if they have had a certain amount of economics, satisfactory standing in other studies, and a preference for settlement work above other forms of social work. After the applications have been received, a Fellowship Committee, composed of college graduates who are either settlement workers or are intimately connected with settlement work, decides on the merits of the applicants. Three people may be chosen each year. Their training is alike to all practical purposes, the difference being found in the fact that they reside in different cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, where the four college settlements are situated.

Question: What does the Fellow do? In all sincerity, I reply, what does the Fellow not do? For the Fellow, whatever city she reside in, has a multiplicity of duties, some of which I will enumerate for you.

(1) She goes to the School for Social Workers, as it is called in Boston. In New York it is the School of Philanthropy. Here she gets theory and practice splendidly combined, and gets light on the inside of many of the big problems troubling the thinking public, because the school has a close connection with the big men and women of to-day's and of to-morrow's affairs.

(2) She has charge of the classes and clubs at the settlement.

(3) She helps in the medical clinic, one value of which is found in learning the various agencies to which certain people should be referred, etc.

(4) She goes "stamping" in the neighborhood. This violent phrase has a mild meaning, for it merely signifies collecting from the neighbors the money which they have been able to save during the week, and giving to them a guarantee in the shape of peculiar stamps designating the sum received.

(5) She attends financial committee meetings, and investigating committee meetings.

All these things she must do, and more, because after the year of training is over, she must know how to get at different settlement problems.

O my readers, was your ignorance as mine?

BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE, 1913.

LAST ARTIST RECITAL.

On Monday evening, February 9, the music loving of Wellesley crowded to hear the last Artist Recital of the year. Yolando Mero, pianist, gave the following varied and extremely well-rendered programme:

Capriccio, F sharp minor ..... Mendelssohn
Capriccio, B minor ..... Brahms
Capriccio, C sharp minor ..... Vogrich
Etude, F major
Valse, E minor
Nocturne, D flat
Scherzo, C sharp minor ..... Chopin
Serenade ..... Rachmaninoff
Clair de Lune ..... Debussy
Etude en Octaves ..... Agghazy
Liebestraum
Rhapsodie, No. 2 ..... Liszt

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BUSINESS.

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To think of many things—"

Let this be our text. We might conclude, from this remark of the Walrus, that he had for sometime been putting off the act of thinking; that many things, "ships and shoes and sealing wax," and all the rest, had occurred to him at various times, but that he had tucked them away in a corner of his mind for future consideration, and now, he says with a sigh, the time has come to think of them.

We can feel for the Walrus. The long and arduous labors of midyears, the all-absorbing interests of the Prom and Glee Club, which for two weeks, have successfully kept us from thinking of "many things," are now events of the past, and we are facing a new semester.

Many of us have been giving our desks an aftermidyear cleaning; we have filled waste basket after waste basket with the useless remains of the last term, and have put everything in the most beautiful order, books piled neatly, and the necessary tools of our profession arranged systematically in the drawers. Yet after it is all done, most of us gaze at the work of our hands and, with a sad shake of the head, remark: "It won't be like this long!"

Now some of us think that we have been housecleaning our minds in the same way. We have tried to put out of them any undesirable material that may have accumulated during the first semester; we have endeavored to bring out of the jumble of facts and information which we have acquired, some systematic arrangement; have tried to see different groups of facts in their relation to each other. We are rather proud of the result,—we feel really quite clear-headed and businesslike; yet there lurks, in the back of our neatly arranged minds, the unhappy suspicion that things won't be like this long.

Why do our desks lose their neat appearance in so short a time; why are our minds so soon cluttered up again? Well, we tell ourselves, we are very busy; we get into the rush of things; we don't have time to straighten out our desks or our thoughts. This would seem but a poor excuse, to a business man. Surely, he cannot have more time at his disposal than we have. Yet he must keep things straight, and he does. The whole trouble with us is that we are absolutely unbusinesslike; the system and the methods of the business world are entirely foreign to us. That does not mean that they are foreign to the College; we could find them here easily enough if we wanted to, but it never occurs to us to make use of them.

This is largely the result of our position in College. We are not, of course, employees of the College. Our one desire for work and for knowledge is, supposedly, our reason for being here. We are not required to be present at our classes every time they meet; we are not compelled to be punctual; we are not, as a rule, afraid of being "fired," if our work is not always done when it should be. The members of our Faculty are the business people of the College. They must always be on hand for classes, no matter how many students may cut, and go to the theater; they must be punctual, for the classes will not wait for them; their work must always be prepared, for that is what they are here for. As a result of this state of affairs, we grow very careless. If it is a fine day, we must not waste it on classes; it really behooves us to be out of doors. If there is an exceptionally good play in Boston, it is a part of our education to see it. If we are just a few minutes late to classes every day, that does not matter, no one can do anything to us!

Now this is all very well; we are at perfect liberty to do as we please, but nevertheless, it is not businesslike. Such careless methods almost invariably become habitual; our whole state of mind is unbusinesslike—happy-go-lucky. It is just such a state of mind that is going to hurt us after we have left College. Those of us who go to work to earn our living, will find ourselves in a new and strange position. We shall be employees, and our employers will expect us to be businesslike. Business men complain that the worst faults of the average college graduate who becomes an employee of any sort, are carelessness and lack of punctuality. They admit that these same graduates are exceptionally good workers, once they have discovered how to work, but that it generally takes them at least a year to "settle down to business."

It behooves us, then, when we engage in after midyears cleaning, to crush the suspicion that this "neat streak" cannot last, and to encourage all businesslike tendencies, however feeble, to become habits. This is no easy task for people with our freedom from restraint; but think of the possible reward of our virtue,—Wellesley might turn out several hundred very businesslike young women, who would prove a happy surprise to skeptical business men.

WILL THEORIES WORK?

Latest developments in Mexico have aroused new interest in the situation there. President Wilson, in raising the embargo, has subjected himself to a storm of criticism,—and approval,—from all quarters. His act has been interpreted both as a concession to commercialism, and as an impractical action of a man too devoted to theories and ideals to see the real need. This persistence in ideals of peaceful government is far from spectacular and gives no occasion for emotional patriotism, as would be the case if we sent our soldiers merrily on their way to quiet the Mexicans. And so, we read many conflicting opinions, widely published in the newspapers, that insist upon immediate action as the only solution of this troublesome question. Men who have just returned from Mexico are reported as saying that a "policy of action, not dreams, must be adopted by the United States." A London newspaper wishes us well, but considers President Wilson impractical, though it has "respect for his high character and fine ideals," and from Spain we learn that our country is adopting the policy of "fomenting anarchy."

In spite of all this, the saner men of affairs believe that the action in regard to the embargo was the wisest possible move, and that it is removing one of the most effective props of Huerta's strength. At any rate, we believe that President Wilson has faith in its effectiveness, and so we watch for future developments that will determine the wisdom of our policy toward our neighbors on the south. After months of waiting, of special embassies for investigation, there has come the step which is going to prove the turning point, we hope, in the barbarous struggle. With the Constitutionalists able to purchase arms legitimately from outside, their prospects advance and Washington looks for their victory in the near future. If this happens, it will be a great triumph for American diplomacy. Ex-Governor Folk of Missouri has ventured an opinion that President Wilson is bringing about the new Golden Age in the history of our country. As ranking among the "foremost statesmen," with his achievement of an income tax law, a revised tariff and a remodeled currency system, his greatest step of all is to come, according to Mr. Folk's enthusiastic outlook, in the solution of the Mexican question. Concerning this, he says "The result will be one of the greatest triumphs of diplomacy in the history of international law."

The test of such statements can be found only in time, as contemporary events cannot be viewed impartially from all sides, and this is where the present administration is going to be of especial interest. We, as undergraduates, are going to get a good view of the part theories can be made to play in the world, and of the attacks to which they are constantly subjected. Whether this particular ideal of President Wilson's fails or not, we shall have seen his persistence and faith in its power for good, and maybe we shall wake up enough to see the sort of thing that is coming to us and our "dreams and theories."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S TABLE AT NAPLES.

The holder of the table of the "Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women" at the "Stazione Zoologica di Napoli" is such a fortunate person and enjoys so many privileges that it seems a duty as well as a pleasure to give an account on returning home, and to urge other women scientists to avail themselves of this table.

The Zoological Station of Naples was founded in 1872 by Dr. Anton Dohrn of Germany with the cooperation of the German and Italian governments. The three low white buildings are beautifully situated in the "Villa Nazionale," the park which runs for a mile or more along the bay at the western end of Naples. The well known aquarium occupies the ground floor of one building, and the rest of the space is devoted to the needs of the staff and to the rooms for the eighty or more investigators who can be accommodated there. Tables are maintained by scientific institutions from most of the European countries and from the United States. The "Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research Among Women" was founded in 1897 by the efforts of Dr. Ida Hyde.

It was my good fortune to occupy the table from the middle of September to the middle of December,

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1913. On arriving in Naples I presented myself to the Secretary, Mr. Linden, who asked at once if I had received a letter sent to my steamer to offer assistance. He then inquired where I was staying and recommended a pension frequented by workers of the Station, which I found a very comfortable and pleasant place to live in. As the weather in September was very hot, Mr. Linden told the laboratory director to give me a room in the coolest part of the Station. This proved to be a corner room with a delightful view over the tops of the live oaks that grow along the north side of the Villa Nazionale. The room had three windows, running fresh and salt water, and was supplied with the many things that a zoologist needs: microscopes, microtomes, a paraffin oven, alcohols and reagents, and vials, jars and dishes of various kinds. Each worker is visited every morning by one of the Italian laboratory servants, who asks for a list of the chemicals needed for the day and brings them at once. Another man, a German, comes to ask if glassware or matches, etc., are wanted, and the laboratory director drops in every day or two to see that all one's needs are supplied.

On my first day I was taken to the library and the system was explained to me in German by the librarian. Each worker has a number and is given twenty-four large pasteboard cards bearing this number. When a book is taken from the shelves a card is put in its place, so that one can tell at a glance who has a particular book. After the library, I was taken to the head collector, Dr. Cerruti, the very efficient young Italian who has replaced the famous Lo Bianco. All the living material is under his direction, as well as the preservation of the animals and plants that are sold to universities and schools all over the world. Every morning at ten o'clock the fishermen come in to Dr. Cerruti's department bearing on their heads baskets of glass jars containing wonderful living specimens caught during the night and early morning. These men, who are fishing for market, have directions to save all material that would be useful to the Station, and are paid for it. The specimens are spread out on a big table, and one may look and admire and select material for the day's work.

My work was general, on the fauna of Naples, and not restricted to any problem. The animal life of the Bay of Naples is so rich and abundant, and so many forms are found there that the American worker knows only from books, that such study is very absorbing and the days are full of surprises. It is an exciting moment when one sees a live Amphioxus for the first time, or the transparent, ribbon-like Venus's Girdle. Tiny sea-horses, taken from the pouch borne by their fathers, feathery yellow and pink sea lilies, sapphire blue polyps, orange anemones, scarlet worms, Sepia with its ink bag, sponges, corals, sea squirts, all these and many more were brought to me day by day to observe and study, and it was often possible to save and preserve specimens to bring back to Wellesley. The assistants in the collector's department and some of my fellow-workers were most kind in helping me preserve my material, often showing me special methods, and securing rare or unusual forms for my work. Several trips were made with the steam launch "Johannes Müller" to observe the methods of collecting by dredging the sea bottom and by skimming the surface for the "Plankton" or floating life, and once we went out at night to collect "Plankton" and the animals that gathered about the lamp fastened in the bow of a row boat.

Among the workers at the Station were several distinguished German professors, and it was interesting and inspiring to meet them and to hear of their work. A spirit of courtesy and helpfulness reigns in the Zoological Station, and from the present Director, Dr. Reinhard Dohrn, down to the lowest fisher boy, one had the sense of being welcome and well cared for. Such a visit is ended with a feeling of much gratitude toward the staff of the Stazione Zoologica and toward the members of the "Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research among Women," and with the wish that more women, and especially more Wellesley women, would avail themselves of this great privilege.

CAROLINE B. THOMPSON,
Department of Zoology.

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ANTI-SUFFRAGE MEETING.

Buffalo and the surrounding towns enjoyed, last week, a series of enthusiastic meetings, conducted by the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. The speakers were the state president, Miss Alice Hill Chittenden, and Mrs. Grace Duffield Goodwin; and they presented clearly and logically the position which "Anti-Suffragists" hold. They discussed the question in all its bearings—biologic, economic, moral (vice, temperance, etc.); and they met squarely and answered plainly, and with unfailing courtesy, all of the suffrage arguments, giving proofs and statistics for all statements.

There are now in sixteen states organized associations of women, who stand for the conservation of womanhood, for the good of the state; and there are steadily and rapidly increasing numbers of men and women everywhere, who oppose Woman Suffrage, convinced that in this opposition true progress lies—that evolution follows lines of differentiation.

Miss Dowes of Pittsfield reports two inspiring anti-suffrage meetings there in the autumn, addressed by Miss Goodwin, and by Mrs. Alice Vant George, Wellesley, '87.

DR. VAN LOON'S LECTURE ON DUTCH ART.

Dr. Hendrick Willem van Loon will lecture Friday evening, February 13, at 8 o'clock in the Geology Lecture Room on "Social Life in the Dutch Republic of the Great Painters."

This illustrated lecture which Dr. Van Loon is to give on February 10, at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is to be given at Wellesley on Friday evening of the same week.

Dr. Van Loon is primarily a historian, author of the "Fall of the Dutch Republic," and "The Rise of the Dutch Kindgom." He is now busy with a history of Russia.

He is, however, also a student and interpreter of art, and is skilful in making his intimate acquaintance with the social and economic conditions of their time which throw light on the work of the great Dutch artists. The lecture will therefore be of special interest to those interested in art and the social and economic aspects of history.

Hours: 8.30 to 5.30. Telephone Connection.

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TOPICAL SONG.

GLEE CLUB.

Tune—"The International Rag.

Verse I.

We are the Wellesley rubber-necks,
Come join the Wellesley rubber-necks,
We sure will give you something worth your money.
Come on, honey—all aboard,—
You've got a lot to see to-day,
It's time we started on our way,
We're going to show you Wellesley—it's worth your pay.

Chorus.

Our police force—he's some man!
On our left—look while you can—
He guards the tea-rooms full of girls and tea, noise and glee, crowded to their capacity.
And now we pass the Wellesley Inn,
Where girls begin
To mutilate their check-books.
On your right the Freshman dorms,
Oft the scene of weeping storms.
We turn the corner to the College grounds, hear the sound! This is the place where girl abounds,
Beware the studes and teachers, the first are awful creatures.
The town goes round to the sound they are grinding on the air!

Verse II.

Here's Simpson, our infirmary,
A college real infirm are we,
You do not need a ticket to get in there
But a blue one to get out.
Down the alley 'neath the trees—
Hold your hats, girls, if you please—
The Barn's our Student Building
Or what you please.

Chorus.

Hear we have a one-man dance
If the janitor comes perchance,
We do the schottische—to that raggedy melody, full of originality.
Or else Beau Brummel walks the stage,
He's all the rage,
His manners are so charming.
On our left our chapel dims
Where we go to find our hymns,
We take our men to vespers, say no more, at the door, do you think it an awful bore?
Next door the grinds and scholars, owl specs and mannish collars,
Feel awful big, as they dig, in the Lib., for their B.A. degree.

Verse III.

We pass the road to Tupelo.
What need to go to Tupelo!
For surely you have strolled its luring mazes, found its graces for yourselves.
On your right you see the hill,
They say the Sophomores guard there still!
Just note the cinder-path where—girls run at will!

Chorus

We approach our dear old gym,
Where Greek dancing's all the whim,
Except on Wednesdays when the Wellesley Faculty, full of originality,
Trip to that universal strain;
Oh what a shame
That the windows are not lower!
Here the Seniors have their ball,
Don't hesitate or dip at all,
Although they voted for that raggedy melody, full of originality.
Now on this field come not, sir, or sad will be your lot, sir,
You might get hit with a bit of a worsted basketball.

Verse IV.

Now take your seats, we're off again,
We go round this curve, and then,
Behold the splendor of our crowning glory, famed in story, College Hall!
Now if you will all step out!
Sh! folks here are working, please don't shout!
Avoid the mouse trap doorways! Step lively, please.

Chorus.

Here with Harriet we'll begin
Her ground grippers got her in.
Beyond in line from habit, gloomily, sulkily, girls wait on eternally!
And now you reach the dining-room
Which proves a boon
For the ever-hungry student.
Elevator on your right, its-the-swiftest-thing-in-sight.
Hold hats! We're rushing to the H. B. B. which you'll see, so full of originality,
Beyond some wild stuffed creatures, the pets of all Zoo teachers,
Will make hair gray in a way, they say, like College Hall—ghosts.

Verse V.

And now the very best of all,
Is in our chapel, College Hall.
We're going to let you see a sure nuff concert, Glee Club concert, with its men.
Here's where Dame Fashion holds her sway,
In borrowed plumage girls are gay,
As for the men!—Believe me—they're worth your pay.

Chorus.

We see men from dear old Penn,
Social ethics learn from them!
That man's from-Harvard—and he's brilliantly, braggedly, full of originality.
And here, girls, sitting on your right,
Yale looks all in,
He's just hurried up from prom.
We've celebs from all around,
Many football stars abound,
Their shoulders swaying to our raggedy melody, full of originality.
And now our trip is done, sirs,
We hope you've had some fun, sirs,
We have, indeed, since the speed and the company was so fine.

Encore Chorus.

We've a peanut gallery here,
Quite the thing this time of year,
All want to listen to that raggedy melody, full of originality.
For Students' Building they would save,
And so they rave
That they cannot pay a dollar.
They put their cushions on the floor,
They put their ear to that trap-door.
Look up! You'll see them crowding 'round the door, as before—will they do it any more?
A Students' Building's needed
Or we might have succeeded
In seating all at a time of our most economical friends.

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I beg to announce a Special Sale of Tailor Made Suits from January 1st to February 15th, 1914. My regular $50 Suits for

THIRTY-EIGHT DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS ($38.50)

Your choice of the newest fabrics and latest models for the coming Spring Season.

I have a varied stock to choose from, and an early call will afford you an advantageous selection.

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LADIES' TAILOR
31 WEST STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

LETTERS WE NEVER WOULD WRITE.

I.

Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.,
11 February, 1914.

Secretary of Committee on Non-Academic Interests,
Wellesley College.

Dear Madam:

We write to ask if it would inconvenience you too greatly to change the social schedule for the second semester. We feel that our social life thus far has been altogether too burdensome, and has interfered seriously with our academic work. We should be unanimously grateful for a decided lessening of our non-academic obligations.

Yours respectfully,
THE STUDENT BODY.

II.

Miss Alice V. Waite,
Dean of Wellesley College,
Wellesley, Mass.

My dear Miss Waite:

I hope you will not object because I cut my first class second semester. I was home over Sunday, and Monday evening my best friend gave a large cotillion. Her brother's roommate was going to take me, and I decided it was too nice an opportunity to miss. I am sure that having been a girl yourself, you'll understand. The class I cut was a very stupid lecture, any way. I am sure you will realize that under the circumstances it wasn't at all important.

Yours very sincerely,
HELEN HART.

III.

At College,
Sunday, P.M.

Dear old Dad·

I hate to bother you again, just when we've got our finances all straightened out, but I simply won't wear out that stunning pocketbook you gave me for Christmas. It is getting so strained at the corners, because it's always kept bulging full of checks. I don't dare keep the money anywhere else, for fear of losing it, or forgetting it, or something. The only way out I can think of, is to ask you to stop sending me such a generous allowance, if you can without too much trouble. It would save me a lot of worry, for I never can spend money.

I'm having a lovely time,

Goodbye,
PEG.

IV.

Wellesley College,
February 9, 1914.

Tailby & Co.,

Dear Sirs:

I find on consulting my account book that I have not received a bill from you this month. As the bill must be quite large, and I am anxious to pay it, I wish you would send it at once.

Yours truly,
MARY R. BLANK.

V.

College Hall, Wellesley, Mass.,
10 February, 1914.

My dear Mr. Brown:

Everything was so confused on Saturday evening that I didn't have a chance to thank you for the flowers you sent me. You probably noticed that red roses didn't look well with my pink dress, and I always prefer to wear sweet-peas rather than roses, but I dare say you meant well, and I do want to thank you. Under the circumstances I don't believe I shall want you to go to Glee Club with me next year. I shall try to find a man who comes on time and who tries to be entertaining, instead of expecting to be talked to all the time.

Yours truly,
MARGARET FRANK.

VI.

The Cosy Footwear Company.,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We have all been so glad to get your charming advertisements, offering ½ per cent. discount on storm rubbers to your regular patrons. Your offer is most generous and shows the very gratifyingly helpful attitude of merchants towards students. Although your prices on all kinds of footwear are higher than in other Boston stores, the discount on storm rubbers more than compensates and I shall take great pleasure in buying my shoes and rubbers at your store.

Very cordially yours,
MARY JONES.

VII.

To the Editor of the NEWS:

Having read your paper all year with great interest and approbation I really want to express to you my entire and unqualified approval of your editorial policy, and the spirit of the paper as a whole. I might mention the good spacing of the advertisements and the use of variegated type as especially commendable. I have nothing to criticize.

Admiringly yours,
A STUDENT.

OUR POSTMAN.

An instructor in mathematics finds the following note appended to a Freshman examination: "Kindly let me know the result of this exam. at once through the village male."

NEWS ITEM.

Wellesley College was struck last week by a marcel wave. It is reported that many were injured by fire as well as the flood, but will recover.

THIS
ADVERTISEMENT
IF PRESENTED
February 16 to 21 inclusive
will entitle holder to a
10% CASH DISCOUNT
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Candies from Page & Shaw, Huyler, Quality, Lowney, Lindt, Park & Tilford. Whitman's Milk Chocolates.
EASTMAN KODAKS AND CAMERA SUPPLIES.
VISIT OUR SODA FOUNTAIN
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Desk Sets and Fountain Pens, College and Society Emblems made to order, Watch and Jewelry Repairing, Oculists' Prescriptions Filled, Mountings Repaired and Lenses Replaced.

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We thank you for your kind patronage in the past and announce the removal of our Dry Goods Store to the
NEW WABAN BUILDING,
Grove Street, . . . Wellesley.
MAGUIRE

FREE PRESS.

Our Own Houses.

Many girls, perhaps unconsciously, live from one day to another without thinking of the other girls whom they might know. So taken up are they with their own special and intimate friends that there is no time or desire to admit another one.

We hear so much about developing and becoming broader while at College. But are we really going to grow bigger by staying in our own houses and not seeking out those who want to know us? Why not study our acquaintances a little more and see if there are not some others whose friendship we should cultivate. They may not appear the least bit interesting or compatible with our ideas of a friend; nevertheless we shall never find out their merits or their worth if we are mere onlookers. Then too, they may have something to give us which our other friends do not possess. Our characters are improved by contact with others. Goethe expressed it beautifully when he said, "A talent is perfected in solitude and character in the stream of the world." I am sure that we all agree that a friend is the most precious thing we can possess. Why not, therefore, make use of every opportunity to know more girls? It will make us happy to realize that our treasure house is being increased daily by receiving new thoughts and ideas, but most of all, we shall be far happier in giving out to others whatever good we can.

R. L. S., 1916.

1913 LEGENDA.

Containing Pictures of 1910 Tree Day!

Twenty-five copies of the 1913 Legenda remain unsold and are obtainable at the regular price,

Book, $2.25
Postage, .20
Total, 2.45

Make checks or money orders payable to Margaret Thom, 5137 Ellis Avenue, Chicago.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

(To be Held in the Wellesley Chapel.)

Sunday, February 15, 4.00-5.00 P.M., quiet hour with organ music by Professor Macdougall.
Monday, February 16, 5.00-5.30 P.M., Mr. Frederick Fosdick.
Tuesday, February 17, 5.00-5.30 P.M., Professor Rufus M. Jones.
Wednesday, February 18, 5.00-5.30 P.M., a meeting of worship after the manner of Friends.
Thursday, February 19, 5.00-5.30 P.M., Rev. Edward H. Sullivan.
Friday, February 20, 5.00-5.30 P.M., Rev. O. P. Gifford.

EDUCATIONAL MOVING PICTURES.

Students may be interested in the excellent moving pictures of living animals, taken by a member of Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole. These pictures are now on exhibition at Tremont Temple, twice daily, except Friday, at 2.00 P.M., and 8.00, P.M., prices 25 cents, 35 cents and 50 cents.

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JORDAN MARSH COMPANY

HINDU ALGEBRA.

The following problems, from Hindu algebra, have puzzled the students of higher mathematics. We offer them for general solution.

1. The square root of half the number of a swarm of bees is gone to a shrub of jasmin, and so are eight-ninths of the whole swarm. A female is buzzing to one remaining male who is humming within a lotus in which he is confined, having been allured to it by its fragrance at night. Say, lovely woman, the number of bees.

2. A man died before his child was born. He stated in his will that if his child was a boy, one-third of his property should go to his wife, and two-thirds to his son. If the child was a girl, two-thirds should go to his wife, and one-third to his daughter. Twins were born, one a boy and one a girl. How should the property be divided?

LOST.

Lost from A. L. R. 1, on January 31, 1914, a gold watch on a silver chain which was hanging on the back of a chair. Will the finder please return to 3 Wood and receive reward.

OPERA NOTES.

Friday evening, February 13, at 8.00 P.M., "Il Segreto Di Susanna," (in Italian). Intermezzo in one act by Wolf-Ferrari. Count Gil, Antonio Scotti; Countess Gil, Alice Nielsen; Sante, Luigi Tavecchia; Musical Director, Andre-Caplet. Followed by "Pagliacci," (in Italian). Opera in two acts by Leoncavallo. Nedda, Alice Nielsen; Canio, Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana; Tonio, Mario Ancona; Peppe, Ernesto Giaccone; Silvio, George Everett; Musical Director, Roberto Moranzoni.

Saturday matinee, 2.00 P.M., "L'Amore Dei Tre Re," (The Love of Three Kings), (in Italian). Opera in three acts by Montemezzi. Musical Director, Roberto Moranzoni.

Saturday evening, at 8.00 P.M., "Martha," (in English). Opera in four acts by Flotow. Lady Harrictt, Evelyn Scotney; Nancy, Cara Sapin; Sir Tristram, George Everett; Lionel, Alfredo Ramella; Plunkett, Howard White; The Sheriff, Taddeo Wronski; Three Servants, Lorenzo Fusco, R. Regnier, A. Gasparoni; Three Maid Servants, Jane Deck, Maud Phillips, Elizabeth Reeside; The Farmer, R. Regnier; The Farmer's Wife, Louise Rieger; Musical Director, Ralph Lyford.

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Horseback Riding, Side, Astride,

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ALUMNÆ NOTES.

TO THE SUPPORTING SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE AND TO ALL FRIENDS.

Fortuny 21, Madrid,
October 26, 1913.

Dear Friends: Since you cannot all visit in the body—not now, at least—your College for Girls in Spain, will you not come with me in spirit to enjoy its hospitality this stormy autumn day? There are advantages in spirit visitation. You need no waterproof and no umbrella and can fly over the puddles, though indeed it is raining very hard, for everything that Spanish weather does, it does with passion. When the sun shines, it turns these strange streets of Madrid, where strings of mules jostle electric cars, yokes of oxen hold up automobiles, and donkeys bray at crested carriages, into avenues of golden joy, and when it rains, it rains with desperate vehemence, as if it would wash the world away.

Why do I not invite you to enjoy the sunshine instead of suffer the chill? No, no! Why should you have only the best of it? Why should you not see something of the difficulties under which our brave teachers labor,—boots muddied, skirts splashed, hat-plumes drooping, with toothaches and coughs and snuffles entering their various protests against the inclemency of the season? But our buildings have that rare luxury in Spain, furnace heat. Why not light the fire? Alas! Fuel is precious here. It costs some ten dollars a day to heat these two buildings, and you do not send money enough, dear schools and colleges, for the Institute to rejoice in genial radiators earlier than November. But who knows? Perhaps if I bring you over for a visit, just this once, in rain and cold, you will find the means to make our wonderful Miss Huntington and these other high-hearted American women, who give life where we give dollars, as well as these winsome and often delicate Spanish girls, more comfortable and safer in the autumns to come. Few surprises would be more appreciated here than an annual autumn gift of one hundred dollars—the more annual the more surprising—to supplement the sun in these October days when he is so prone to play the truant.

With the discriminating consent of Bismarck, the gray-faced watch-dog whose plump, brown body is stretched along a hewn stone to our left, close against the railings, his special throne from which he can scrutinize all who enter as well as bark his comments on whatever takes place in the street known as Fortuny, we pass through the gateway. On our right is a little white lodge, against which is trained a grapevine that, trellised above the door, gives the effect of a hatbrim. Beneath this cover there peers forth the keen, brown, wrinkled face of our snowy-haired portera, welcoming us with her own quiet touch of Spanish dignity and inquiring our errand. As rheumatism, that unbeloved crony of old age, does not permit her to go about in the rain, she sends her little rogue of a grandson, called Angel, but recognized as such only by Bismarck, to conduct us along the broad, paved path to the vineclad portico of the spacious dwelling-house. The generous lawn between the house and the street abounds in shade-trees, fruit-trees, flower-beds and shrubs. The yucca and the pampas-grass are still in blossom, and the pansies will be out by February. In May it is an exquisite sight, with the great, richly blooming rose-tree in the center, close beside the fountain, whose violet border adds another tone to the harmony of blues and purples. Over all this luxuriance of color, Indas-tree, lilacs and the rest, towers a triumphant wistaria that has climbed a tall larch nearly in front of the door. The lawn is more and more a garden as it runs back on either side of the house, with its blossoming plums and pears, its laurels, acacias, oleanders, its fig-tree and orange-tree, to the cherished palm before the white pergola that will some day be roofed with ivy. Sitting at a little table under the palm, each girl in turn, week after week, serves as hostess for the Sunday afternoon tea. It is pretty to see the guests perched like so many pigeons on the stone coping of the long, curving bed of fleur-de-lis, or coming forward, one after another, the last crumb of cake and morsel of butter gone, to kiss the cheek of the smiling hostess, with the invariable: "Muchisimas gracias [many thanks], Estrella," or "Muchisimas gracias, Dolores," or whatever the name may be, meeting the invariable response: "De nada [for nothing]. Con mucho gusto [with much pleasure]."

But here we are still standing under these dripping autumn trees, whose greens are now all tipped and crossed by yellows, while little Angel patiently holds open the door of Fortuny 21. The original house from which this has been rebuilt was the home of a community of Franciscan frairs, and their wet sandals—or would it be actually bare feet?—seem to go swish-swash on the tiles beside us as we enter the hospitable hall.

This entrance, stately in itself, gains distinction from a few pieces of rare old carving,—a cabinet, a table, two long, capacious chests, very properly called arks in Spanish. These treasures were picked up from time to time by Mr. and Mrs. Gulick and their daughters in remote villages. They are not ours, and the friends who lend them have already done and given so much for Spain and for this Institute that we should stand ready to send these precious pieces of furniture over seas whenever their owners so request. But what will our hall be without them? It is not possible, even with much money in hand, to go out shopping and replace them. What we need is a fund, one hundred dollars or so, on which our wise Directora, who has friends all over Spain, may draw, when opportunity arises, as happens every now and then, to purchase some choice antique for a comparatively small sum. Among you all, ever generous schools and colleges, is there not an art class or art club that would like to invest in beauty?

On the right hand, as we enter, opens the deep drawing-room, furnished by the unerring taste of Mrs. Elizabeth Gulick Lincoln, and most restful, as well as elegant, in its soft rich browns. We had a fiesta there last night, for every Saturday evening there is a party of some sort, different members of the school family acting as hostesses and planning it out. These fiestas are often held in the delightful playroom at the top of Memorial Hall, but as Miss Coman and I had the honor of being hostesses this time, the drawing-room was put at our disposal. The scene was that of a fairy-tale court, with a fascinating little princess sitting at the feet of a quite magnificent king and queen, flanked by a Council of Ministers—to which nobody under forty was eligible—and visited by a troop of dancing fairies, who showered the princess with good wishes. The bad fairy, the little daughter of the Memorial Hall porter and portress, looked, in her one white frock, the sweetest of them all, and wished so prettily that mosquitoes might bite the princess, and that her nose might grow so long as to reach to the Puerta de Sol (the center of the city), that those innocent curses had all the grace of blessings. Then came a succession of gallant princes who competed in deeds of valor for the little brown hand of the princess. They were not all prepossessing as suitors, for there were among them antic dwarfs, who waltzed madly upon a table just within the door of the adjoining music room, and two wrong-side-about personages of dislocated aspect, who put their refreshments into the back of their heads. The native princes were very charming in their recitations and impersonations, but the foreign princes (alias, the four American graduate students) distinguished themselves by the originality and vigor of their performances. The Council of Ministers awarded the prize to our fifth American student, who, in troubadour costume, had fallen on her knees before the princess and poured out her soul in tuneful supplication. That there should be nobody left out, Miss Coman clustered such Spanish girls as had been too shy to enter the lists and, giving each the name of a flower, tied them together with "a ribbon of celestial azure" and presented her bouquet, with an eloquent (but brief) address in Spanish, to the princess. And then the court fell to daneing and to an enthusiastie consumption of the over-luscious Spanish cakes, the frosting still white although they had traveled that afternoon, uncovered, on a huge tray borne on the head of a small boy, all the way from the Puerta del Sol.

Across the hall opens what is, perhaps, the most important room on our premises, a cozy library. The Institute library is in Memorial Hall, but these walls are well lined by Mr. Gulick's own books, which, with the warm red rug, the writing desk, and the fireplace, give a look of home. Here takes place—except on Sunday afternoons and other occasions when so many guests are expected that the drawing-room is used instead—the function of afternoon tea, beginning at four and often lasting till seven. Here one may meet, grouped about the little Spanish and Japanese tea-tables, many of the noblest men and women of Madrid, liberal thinkers, earnest workers, writers, scholars, reformers. Here our Institute is coming, year by year, to be better understood by the community it strives to serve, is steadily widening its already large circle of Spanish supporters, and securing for itself friendships and affiliations of inestimable value. Miss Huntington has won the confidence and high esteem of the educational leaders of Spain, and the influence of this American school and of American methods and ideals for woman's mental development is extending far beyond the hundred or more girls, a number continually increasing, whom it annually enrolls as students.

I am outrunning time and space and must leave the story to be carried on by some other visitor next year,—some visitor who will conduct you by the garden walk from Fortuny 21 to Memorial Hall, past our popular tennis court and up from floor to floor of this our new academic building, at once simple and superb, American in equipment, Spanish in decoration, from top to bottom a hive of humming activities. The school is distinctly non-sectarian, respecting the faith of Catholic and Protestant alike. The work ranges from kindergarten to the B. A., some fifty of our Alumnæ being bachelors of arts.. Degrees in Spain are given by the government, not by individual colleges and universities, and so the quality of our teaching is tested in the outside examinations which those of our students who are pursuing the Institute course, the Normal course, or the Conservatory course, must take from year to year. In addition to these three Government courses, we have our own English course, accredited by our own diploma. The lower division, six years, covers approximately the primary and grammar subjects, and the upper division, three years, corresponds, in general, to the work of the high school at home. It is clear that, with so many courses, we must carry a great number of classes and, as the school grows, need still more liberal appropriations to provide an adequate faculty. Our students pay the customary Spanish rates for girls' schooling, and these go far toward meeting current expenses, but as these rates are set by the convent schools, where the question of salaries does not enter in, we must depend for these upon endowments and, until such endow-

ments are forthcoming, upon generous support from givers old and new.

These Spanish girls are well worth the utmost we can do for them. Their own country cannot give them what we are giving until it realizes what such education is, and what it will mean to Spain. The girls are only too eager in their studies. Two beautiful sisters, for instance, senoritas in whom the Spanish graces are developed to their finest flower, are working so zealously to finish the Normal course this year that they have been rising at four to study and blinking over their books till eleven, and are now protesting earnestly, though always charmingly, against Miss Huntington's necessary interference with such a destructive program. Here, as everywhere, craving minds and empty purses are often found together. The scholarships you send are seeds of life.

You may well be glad, all you who have helped in the giving of this great gift to Spanish womanhood. And we may well be grateful that in Miss Huntington, a woman of complete, silent devotion to the service of humanity, we have an administrative genius of rare order, carrying in steady hands a burden so heavy in itself and of such delicate adjustment that the looker-on marvels continually at her quiet poise. Let us not stint her resources, for every dollar that we send her is a contribution toward wisdom and freedom and joy. It is not possible for us to keep our still new blessing of woman's education to ourselves. We must give it, and in so giving it we are most happy, for in this small, brief deed of ours—and all the more if it means self-sacrifice—we are for the instant at one with the All-Giver and All-Lover. Deep is the truth of the Spanish proverb:

"When God dawns, He dawns on all."

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

NOTICE.

Miss Emily Sophie Brown, '04, of 104 Hillside Avenue, Naugatuck, Connecticut, wishes to draw the attention of friends of Wellesley to the fact that she will be glad to hear once more from all those who may wish to have character readings made from hand-writing. The best specimen is a letter written in ink, on unruled paper, signed by the author, and indicating either in the signature or by direct statement the sex of the writer. The charge for the reading is ten, twenty-five or fifty cents, according to the length of the analysis, and the proceeds are devoted to the Endowment Fund.

DEATHS.

In Hayanna, Japan, on September 15, 1913, Reverend Daniel Crosby Greene, father of Fanny B. Greene, '94.

In Newton, Massachusetts, on October 28, 1913, Henry N. F. Marshall, father of Alice Marshall Leeds, 1903.

In Portland, Maine, on August 24, 1913, James Freeman Bush, husband of Mary Gorham Bush.

At South Egremont, Massachusetts, on January 2, 1914, William Cox Dalzell, father of M. Louise Dalzell, 1910.

ENGAGEMENTS.

H. Elizabeth Fellman, '98, to Clarence Darwin Kingsley, Colgate, '97, agent of the Massachusetts State Board of Education.

Alberta Kingsbury, 1907, to Ralph M. Bowers of Putnam, Connecticut.

Elinor Farrington, 1907-1910, to Richard Lucius Carey, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1900, Haverford, 1906, of Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Cary, since his graduation from Haverford College, has been associated with the Junior Faculty of Princeton University.

Geraldine Haworth, 1913, to Austin Wellington Fisher, Tufts, 1912, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

MARRIAGES.

SNOW—WOODBURY. At Beverly, Massachusetts, on November 4, 1913, Augusta Woodbury, 1903, to Herbert Marcy Snow.

SMITH—EATON. At Braintree, Massachusetts, on November 10, 1913, Mary Currier Eaton, formerly of the class of 1903, to Harold Wellington Smith, Passed Assistant Surgeon, United States Navy.

LORING—BACHELLER. At Medford, Massachusetts, Marguerite Evangeline Bacheller, 1909, to Ernest M. Loring, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1909, of Toronto, Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. Loring will live in the Porcupine Gold Region, about five hundred miles beyond Toronto, where Mr. Loring is an engineer with a mining company.

SKINNER—NOYES. At Newton Center, Massachusetts, on October 13, 1913, Margaret Elizabeth Noyes, 1907, to Ross Hunt Skinner.

MITCHELL—MACKELLAR. At Wellesley, Massachusetts, on October, 25, 1913, Marguerite B. MacKellar, 1907, to F. Robins Mitchell of West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Frida Semler Seabury, 1908, was matron of honor. At home corner Grove and Cottage Streets, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

COLE—CHAMPNEY. In Cleveland, Ohio, on November 5, 1913, Bessie C. Chanpney, 1905, to Thomas J. Cole Williams, 1902.

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